would be fouled; but they left us before long, and we again took up our march.

"We must have walked an hour, I think, before we found the ship; and then she was so covered with sand that we had come upon her bulwarks before we knew it, thinking her a sand-hill. All her masts had been carried away, and she was lying upon her side, almost covered. Fortunately, the hatches were battened down, or she would have been filled with sand. By the aid of crowbars, we soon broke them off, and then we saw a curious sight. All the light cargo nearest the hatch began to rise, the inside air forcing out barrels, boxes, planks, and bales of stuff in rapid succession, so that there was a regular procession of objects climbing up from the ill-fated ship. These were caught by the wreckers above us and hauled ashore.

"This place was a famous spot for fishes, and many were beauties, being striped with bright green, yellow, blue, and red. Others had long streamers, and looked like the harlequins and columbines in pantomimes. I noticed that there was the greatest difference between them in their habits. Some were shy, and darted away at the slightest motion; while others seemed to think me a huge fish, and came near me as if curious to see what I was like. Some swam over my arms and let me move my hands toward them. But most were shy. As to the stories of sharks, they are in the main not true. I have had a shark come within five feet of me, and when I raised my arm it darted off in such a hurry that the boiling of the water nearly threw me off my feet. Of course, there may be cases where a very large shark might attack a diver; but if he should attack one wearing the modern diver's helmet or armor, I think the shark would have a hard time of it — copper and glass would not make a very good mouthful.

"A friend of mine had a funny experience," the diver continued, seeing that his audience were interested. "He was walking along on a sandy bottom, when suddenly he was lifted upward, then thrown quickly backward, and, if it had n't been for his pike, he would have fallen over. For a few seconds the water was not clear. Then he saw that the cause of his upset was a big skate that had been lying partly buried in the sand — asleep, perhaps. He had stepped with his leaden shoes right on its back. I 'm sure it would be hard to tell which was the most scared.

"Among the strange things that may be seen by divers is the ocean forest, off the Eastern coast. The sandy bottom there is covered with the hardened roots of great trees, and in some instances parts of trunks are standing, showing that the coast there must have settled, and that the sea has rolled in over the land.

"Sometimes we go down at night, and then the scene under water is often a beautiful sight. Every jelly-fish and living creature seems to be ablaze with light; your rope appears to be on fire, and every motion makes the water glimmer. The crabs and fishes sparkle, many with a light of their own. So, you see, instead of being a dark and barren place, as the majority of people seem to regard it, the ocean, even at the greatest depths, is probably made bright by the very animals that most need the light."

The boys bade the diver good-bye, feeling glad that they did not have to share his perils, but regretting that they could not see the beauties of which he had told.

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A SUBMARINE RAMBLE.

By Charles Frederick Holder.

"Yes, I have seen some queer things in my walks under water."

The speaker was a tall, athletic man, who but a few moments before had resembled some strange monster, as he rose from the water encased in the heavy armor of the professional diver.

"But," he continued, "I can tell you that I don't follow the calling from any love of sport. It is a dangerous business at best — it shortens a man's life; and every time you go down, something may happen that will anchor you firmly to the bottom."

"How did you come to be a diver?" asked one of the younger listeners.

"Well," was the reply, "I might say that it was by chance. When I was a lad, I lived in London, and, like all boys, found the docks and the great ships that lay there, hailing from all parts of the world, a great attraction; so a part of every day that I could gain for myself was spent in walking about the great piers.

"One afternoon, I was watching some riggers at work on a large ship. Upon her rail was suspended a sign that read (I can see it now), 'For Calcutta, Bombay, and the East Indies, September 30, 18—.' I was wondering what kind of a place Bombay was, when a man stepped ashore, and, coming up to me, said, 'My lad, can you find me a good swimmer about here?' 'I'm a fair swimmer myself,' I answered. 'You?' he exclaimed, eying me from top to toe. 'Why, a shark could use you for a toothpick!'

"I was not very large," continued the diver, "but I happened to be a good swimmer, and would not be laughed out of it. So finally he took me aboard and down into the cabin, where the captain asked me whether I could dive under the ship's keel and see if her copper had started. As I had often dived under vessels for the fun of it, I replied that I could, and in half an hour I was overboard and swimming down to the place. There, instead of a 'start,' as they call an opening in the copper, I found something sticking in the hull,— what do you think? Nothing more nor less than the sword of a sword-fish.

"When I told the captain, he said I had done as well as a diver, and gave me a sovereign.

"Of course everybody heard of it, and whenever there was anything lost overboard, or a vessel's bottom to examine, I was sent for. From calling me Richard, they soon took to giving me the name 'Diving Dick.' So you see it was very easy for me to slip into diving as a business.

"When I first began this work at regular wages, the divers went down in diving-bells; but still the armor was generally worn. They have improved the armor so much that now it is comparatively easy to go down. In old times, we had to grope around and do the best we could; but now we carry an electric light, have a telephone attached, and are able to talk or signal to those above. My armor, as you see," said the diver, pointing to his suit, which looked like the cast-off shell of a curious animal, "is of thick, heavy rubber and in two parts,— the trousers and shoes being in one piece. The head-piece is of copper, with two eye-holes, or windows of glass, that screw on. In deep water,

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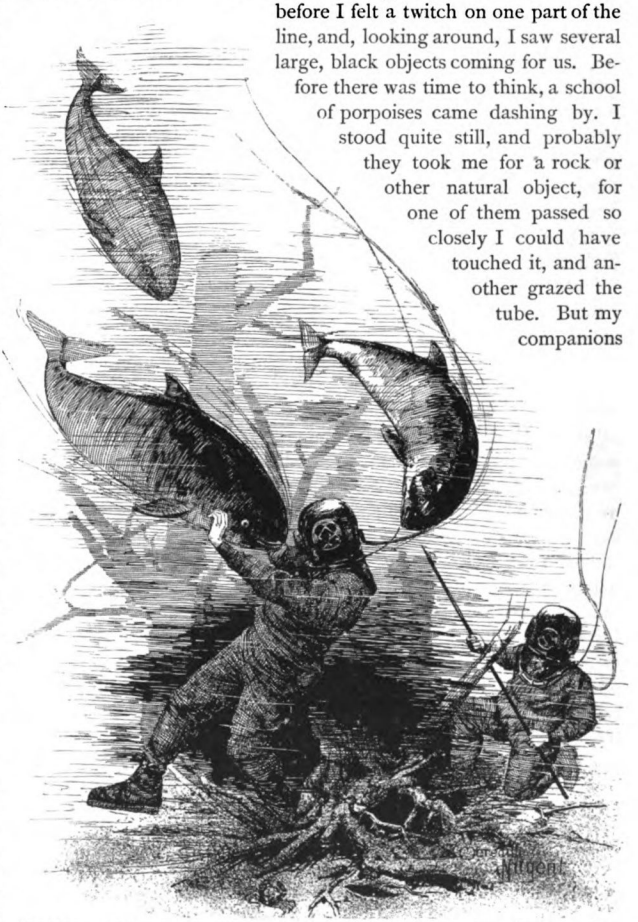
where the pressure is great, a thick breastplate of copper is used; heavy weights are hung from the back, and we often put a weight of fifteen pounds on each foot. That, of course, is to keep the diver from floating. Three lines and tubes are now generally used. One tube lets air into the helmet, another takes it out. Then there is the telephone wire, and a signal-rope besides; so that in shallow water there is little or no danger. If the tube should break, or your suit be cut in any way, there is a possibility of drowning before they can haul you to the surface; but, luckily, such accidents seldom happen.

"In 1856, I went down ten fathoms, in rough water, off the coast of Portugal, to a steamer that had sunk, nobody knew exactly how. I landed on her foreyards, and then went down the shrouds, finally dropping to the deck. As I struck I heard a gurgling sound, and had just time to signal to be hauled up, when I felt the water on my face. I had lost my senses when I came up. I went down again and found that, in descending the first time, my tube had passed over what had been the port side-light, and the sharp-edged broken glass had cut the rubber, letting the water in upon me.

"Then there 's some danger from animals; not because they are fierce, but because they are big. They may be caught accidentally in the ropes or tubing. Some years ago, with two other divers, I went down near the Florida coast. The wreck, this time, was a ship loaded mainly with cotton. She had struck on a bar during a hurricane, been blown completely over, and then had sunk in a channel inside the reef. The exact place was not known. Consequently, the only thing to do was to go down and hunt for her. So we started in twenty feet of water, and, all holding to one rope, so as not to lose each other, separated, gradually walking down a hill into deeper water.

"I think we had gone about a hundred feet before I felt a twitch on one part of the line, and, looking around, I saw several large, black objects coming for us. Before there was time to think, a school of porpoises came dashing by. I stood quite still, and probably they took me for a rock or other natural object, for one of them passed so closely I could have touched it, and another grazed the tube. But my companions



"BEFORE THERE WAS TIME TO THINK, A SCHOOL OF PORPOISES CAME DASHING BY."

tried another plan; they struck at the porpoises with their pikes. For a time we were in a regular school of these fishes, and were afraid the tubes

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